THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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Here and There.

THE Prince of Wales or Lord Strathnairn, it is stated, will be the new colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards; and it is said to be not improbable that Sir William Gomm will be the new governor of Chelsea Hospital.

We hear that Lady Tichborne, the widow of Sir. A. Tichborne, is about to be re-married; the happy man is said to be a Mr. Mitchell.

Sir Claude de Crespigny, Bart., was fined £5 on Tuesday for assaulting a waiter at the Hotel de l'Europe, in Leicester-square.

Although the partridge shooting season did not legally commence till Thursday morning at sunrise, yet by nine o'clock partridges were plentifully exhibited for sale in London. Whether the birds were bagged by the orthodox sportsman, or were the product of the poacher's net, is a problem. The birds consigned were in full feather, forward growth, and excellent condition. They sold freely—prime plump young birds at 7s. to 8s. per brace; late hatched partridges, 5s. to 6s.; and old birds, 4s. 6d. to 6s.

The hunting season in Norfolk and Cambridgeshire —cub-hunting in which has commenced this week—promises to be unusually brilliant. The Prince of Wales, who is a subscriber to the West Norfolk Hunt, is expected to reappear in the field, from which his presence has been sadly missed during the past two years. The new mansion at Sandringham is nearly finished, and it is believed that on the 1st of November the Prince and Princess of Wales will come into residence. It is expected that his Royal Highness will have a great deal of company down, and that hunting and shooting will be the main diversions.

George Hamilton-Gordon, sixth Earl of Aberdeen, has been drowned on his voyage from America to Melbourne. He was only in his 29th year. The family honours and estates now pass to his brother, the Hon. John Campbell Gordon, who was born in 1847.

We have to record the death of the Right Hon. Aubrey John, nineteenth Baron Somerville in the peerage of Scotland, which took place on Sunday, at Somerville Acton, near Evesham. The deceased baron was only thirty-two years of age. He succeeded his cousin in 1868, having been previously to that time a squatter in Australia, in which colony he had an extensive sugar manufactory. It is reported that his lordship had contracted a marriage in Australia, and had intended to return thither at the close of the present year. His death was sudden, resulting from an attack of bronchitis, with which he was seized on returning from a dinner party on the previous Friday evening.

By the death of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, which occurred at his residence near Richmond on Saturday, one of the oldest of our Peerages becomes extinct. The Barony of Willoughby de Eresby was created by writ dated 1313; it was the fourth on the roll of the House of Lords, and the late Peer was the twentieth in succession who has held the dignity. His lordship was also, jointly with the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England. Since his succession to the Peerage on the decease of his father in 1865, the name of Lord Willoughby de Eresby has been only too prominently before the public in connection with the suits of Madame D'Alteyrac. He was forty-nine years of age, and was never married.

M. Edmond About has written an article in the Paris *Soir*, in which he speaks of the Germans as "Teutonic vermin," and says that by the 1st of January, 1871, France must sweep away all the Hohenzollerns and their feudal followers.

Three seats in the House of Commons are vacant at the present time: West Surrey, by the death of Mr. Briscoe; Mid Surrey, by the elevation to the peerage of the Hon. W. Brodrick, consequent on the death of Lord Middleton; and Shrewsbury, by the death of Mr. Clement. Mr. Lee Steere continues to be the sole candidate for West Surrey, and it is now announced that Sir Richard Baggallay, formerly member for Hereford, and Solicitor-General in the Administration of Mr. Disraeli, will contest Mid Surrey also on the Conservative side. Three candidates are in the field for Shrewsbury—Mr. Cotes and Mr. Commissioner Kerr in the Liberal, and Mr. Douglas Straight in the Conservative interest.

The following notice is appended to the sixth and last number of Charles Dickens's unfinished story, just published:—"All that was left in manuscript of 'Edwin Drood' is continued in the number now published—the sixth. Its last entire page had not been written two hours when the event occurred which one very touching passage in it (grave and sad, but also cheerful and reassuring) might seem almost to have anticipated. The only notes in reference to the story that have since been found concern that portion of it exclusively which is treated in the earlier numbers. Beyond the clues therein afforded to its conduct or catastrophe, nothing whatever remains; and it is believed that what the author would himself have most desired is done, in placing before the reader without further note or suggestion the fragment of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' 12th August, 1870."

The directors of the Bank of France have, it is said, determined to remove a large portion of their reserve of bullion to one of the western seaports, Brest or Havre, for safety. Many foreign bankers have already transferred securities, plate, and other portable effects to London.

The gentlemen who attend the movements of the hostile armies for the information of newspaper readers, do so just now under peculiar difficulties. Information reached us that correspondents of three of our contemporaries have got into trouble. Mr. Austin, of the *Times*, is imprisoned at Rheims; Mr. Sidney Hall, of the *Graphic*, is undergoing the same hard fate at Nancy; and Mr. Holdsworth, of the *Daily News*, has been brought back from Soissons under a guard to Paris. M. Isambert, a correspondent of the *Temps*, who had been missing for several days, writes to announce his safety. He was, it appears, imprisoned for a week at Rethel as a Prussian spy.

Mr. Wells, the aeronaut, who has for some weeks past been making balloon ascents from the Gymnasium and Powderhall Running Grounds, Edinburgh, has been in communication with the Prussian Government in regard to the employment of his balloon for military purposes. His proposals having been entertained, Mr. Wells, in obedience to a telegraphic summons from a Prussian agent, has proceeded to the seat of war. The aeronaut reckons that, with the balloon recently constructed by himself at the Gymnasium, he can make captive ascents to the height of about two miles, thus attaining a position from which observations may be made as to military movements over a wide extent of country.

The feeling which the Parisians delight to indulge in is well indicated by a caricature in the *Journal Amusant*, which represents a Prussian army in the shape of rats entering a trap, baited with a case of Champagne. The trap is "Paris," and the letterpress moral reflection is, "What a pity we cannot get them all into it." This is a precise reflection of the strategic comments of the French journals, which say that the cunning Bazaine pretended to let the Prussians take Champagne only to entice them on to Paris and destroy them.

Thanks to the intelligent activity of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Paris is largely provided with meat and cereals of all kinds. Within the fortifications, more than 30,000 oxen and 100,000 sheep are distributed at different points. The intention of the minister is to provide Paris with fresh meat for at least two months. The supply of breadstuffs and other articles is now complete, and the Prussians may abandon, if they ever entertain it, the hope of reducing the capital by famine.

At the railway station at Montmédy, writes a correspondent, the little priest, who is curate of a village five miles distant, was discussing the war, and finished his speech, by saying—"Ah! you have not finished with the Prussians; it is only the beginning, and God has sent them on you to punish Frenchmen for their sins." It was quite enough. Cries "*A bas le Prussien*" were heard, and my little friend was carried away by the mob and given into the hands of the gendarmes. They have arrested him, but they will have some difficulty in staying his tongue.

Visits to the Mint of Paris are prohibited till further notice. Also the monthly descent into the catacombs is for the present suspended.

It has been resolved at a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce again to memorialise the Government to stop the export of arms, or munitions of war, to either of the present belligerents. The resolution referred to the statement of Count Palikao, setting forth the fact that a purchase of 40,000 rifles had been made in England, and it expressed the deep regret of the Chamber at the effect such an announcement was calculated to create.

S. G. O., writing of the war, enquires: "What can England do? As yet I see nothing more than look on—indignant, but compassionate. As regards the war itself, we all have our own views of what we may individually consider the conduct of those who brought it about; but in the name of our common humanity, not to say only in that of our common Christianity, let us put aside all feeling as to the cause of the awful carnage, and throw all our energies into the work of endeavouring to alleviate some of its horrors. The dead we cannot recall; their existence is where living man cannot reach—in the unseen land of our common future; we can but hope for the mercy there is only One can now show them. The yet alive, to be found in bruised and battered tenements of mortality, cry aloud to us. The cry is not one of tongues, come it in French or Prussian language, it is the human voice; let us heed it."

The report brought to Dover by the mail-boat on Tuesday afternoon that the passenger traffic from Paris to Calais had been interrupted and cut off is, we are happy to say, an exaggeration of the facts. The facilities for passenger traffic are diminished and are liable to further interruptions, but passengers in considerable numbers are still using this route. The report also from Dover that the tidal boats between Folkestone and Boulogne will be discontinued from the 1st of September is incorrect. The tidal services *viâ* Folkestone have been slightly interrupted in consequence of the great traffic on the French line near Paris, but the boats have performed their passages as usual between Folkestone and Boulogne, and will, at least for the present, continue to do so.

An odd incident occurred in the course of the inquiry into the murder of Mr. Nathan, the wealthy stockbroker of New York. A lawyer named Dunphy happening to call one evening on a new acquaintance, and, discussing the murder, maintained that every act of the assassin, from his entry to his retreat, could be clearly traced; and, with a view to clearness and dramatic effect, Dunphy stated it all in the first person. A horrified young woman in the next room, overhearing the recital, slipped out and called the police; and the lawyer was quickly in custody. As ill luck would have it, his acquaintance supposed his name to be Gilbert; the discovery of this circumstance, while he gave his name as Dunphy, operated greatly to his disadvantage. His explanation that he was merely telling what he had read in the newspapers was pronounced "too thin," and he was taken to the police head-quarters. The chief in attendance hoped he had secured the greatest criminal of the age; but Dunphy's earnest protestations induced this functionary to send him in custody to the house of Superintendent Jourdan, who had gone home for the night. The officer could make no one hear, and Dunphy in his frantic excitement pulled off the handle of the door-bell. The Superintendent had not really got home, and his family, thinking there were drunken ruffians at the door, judged it best to take no notice of the din. The lawyer was taken back to the police-station. It was not till Superintendent Jourdan went to his office next morning that Dunphy was discharged. He went his way vowing that he will never again tell the story of a murder as well as he can.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

MARTIN GOULD.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

(*Continued from page* 275).

SCENE II.

AMY. VAUGHAN. MRS. SOWERBY.

Vaughan. Good morning, Mrs. Sowerby. (*Bows to* AMY.)

Mrs. Sowerby. The doctor! Really, Mr. Vaughan, you look much too young to be a doctor. I thought all doctors were fat, and bald, and wore frills to their shirts. But, young as you are, do you know that your treatment of my complicated disorders has made quite a sensation? All my friends want you to attend them.

Vaughan. I regret to say, madam, that I shall have to forego that pleasure.

Mrs. Sowerby. Why?

Vaughan. I have given up the art of healing.

Mrs. Sowerby. Given up doctoring?

Vaughan. Such is the fact.

Mrs. Sowerby. Now, excuse me, but that is very absurd. To give up your profession when you are just making a reputation, and getting a practice! Your name is becoming known: your conduct during that dreadful cholera was admired by everybody. A young lady spoke of it to me the other day with tears in her eyes. And your book, too, which has set all the old things with bald heads and frills by the ears! And your judicious treatment of my complicated disorders! You are becoming famous; and now you want to throw up your profession. What do you mean to do?

Vaughan. I have not thought. It is of very little consequence.

Mrs. Sowerby. You must forgive my speaking so freely, but I have known you from so high. You will not surely take this step without consulting your friends?

Vaughan. My friends? Who are they?

Mrs. Sowerby. Myself, to begin with; who owe you my life.

Vaughan. The gratitude of a patient to her doctor. I know too well what that means. It is a part of the disease. It declares itself with the first symptom of the disorder, cools down with convalescence, and health drives it from the field.

Mrs. Sowerby. What do you say to Mr. Dalton?

Vaughan. Mr. Dalton!

Mrs. Sowerby. And Amy?

Vaughan. Miss Dalton is kind and considerate, as is her nature, to her aunt's doctor. She will probably leave London to-morrow with Mr. Dalton. I shall remain. In a month—or less—Miss Dalton will forget your doctor, as you, I trust, will forget your ailments.

Mrs. Sowerby. Well, disbelieve in our affection as you may, there is one whose love you cannot doubt—Martin Gould.

Vaughan. Martin Gould!

Mrs. Sowerby. He loves you, as you well know. Have you consulted him? (VAUGHAN *is silent.*) You have told him nothing of your projects: a sure sign you think he would disapprove them. You disapprove them yourself, for you speak bitterly, and discontent with oneself means discontent with everything. You will act in a hurry—you know the conclusion of the proverb. Pray, my dear young friend, reflect before you take this foolish step. Your profession is a glorious one. What a pity you were not here yesterday to hear Amy hold forth about doctors: she said that healing the sick was the noblest of callings, and that, had she been a man, she would have been a doctor.

Vaughan. Miss Dalton said that?

Mrs. Sowerby (to AMY). Why don't you say something? You don't help me a bit: you are as dumb as an owl, and this morning you were chattering like a magpie.

Amy. I said nothing worth repeating.

Vaughan. Or I am not worth the trouble of repeating it.

Mrs. Sowerby. But you are not serious? With the future that is before you—

Vaughan. The future? Yes, I may be a rich man in twenty years.

Mrs. Sowerby. You want to make a fortune all at once?

Vaughan. I can't deny it.

Mrs. Sowerby. You are very curious, you young people: here are you wishing to be rich, and Amy just now was wishing to be poor!

Vaughan (to AMY). You wished to be poor?

Amy. It was a joke.

Vaughan. So I should think. Better be dead than poor.

Mrs. Sowerby. Are you so very fond of money?

Vaughan. I detest it.

Mrs. Sowerby. Why think so much of it, then?

Vaughan. Because money is power. Because a poor man is a slave, and a rich man master of his destiny. Because everything that goes to make up the sum of human happiness can be bought by money. Because industry, intelligence, courage, devotion, youth, beauty, purity, have their price. Because every aim, every object in life, whether it be a seat in Parliament or a brilliant marriage, can be compassed by a long purse. What is marriage in our days but an auction? An innocent young girl is put up for sale, and goes to the highest bidder. He may be old, ignorant, miserable; sordid in mind as in person—half an idiot—what matters? He is the last *bonâ fide* bidder: he is declared the purchaser, and takes his lot home. And, may be, in a corner of the world, with his head bowed in agony, and his heart crushed, lies the man who has no money, but who had love—who had words, but dared not speak: who would have given his life's blood for the treasure his rival has bought with his accursed gold! Happiness, in that as in every other relation of life, goes to those who bid highest for it. It has no self-respect: it will take money from the dirtiest hands rather than throw itself away on the pure as a gift. I will treat it as it treats itself. Since it is base enough to set itself up for sale, I will insult it by purchase. I *will* be rich. By what means I care not. I shall despise myself very likely, but the whole world will cry, "Well done!" There are people who worship the sun: we are the Ghebirs of gold! On our knees we bow down to the Golden Calf! The religion is universal. The almighty dollar knows no atheist. Its temple is set up in every heart: its high priests are mankind.

Mrs. Sowerby. Shall I tell you what I think? You are in love with a rich young lady.

Amy (aside). Aunt!

Mrs. Sowerby (aside). Be quiet!

Vaughan. I? You must think poorly of me if you imagine I should confess it. If I had the misfortune to love a rich girl, I would die before she should know it.

Mrs. Sowerby. That would not prevent your being in love with her, nor other people from seeing it.

Vaughan. I love no one.

Mrs. Sowerby. And when do you mean to retire from your practice?

Vaughan. To-day.

Mrs. Sowerby. That I must negative. You have no right to leave me before I am cured.

Vaughan. I am happy to say that you seem perfectly well.

Mrs. Sowerby. If you cease to attend me I shall have a relapse. Only yesterday you ordered me to change my room. I have turned everything topsy-turvey, and you must, at all events, come and see whether you approve the arrangements.

Vaughan. I called for that purpose.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Mr. Martin Gould.

Amy (aside). Ah!

Vaughan. He here!

Mrs. Sowerby. Martin Gould in London! Show him up at once.

Vaughan (to MRS. SOWERBY). I am at your disposal.

Mrs. Sowerby. But I must wait and receive Mr. Gould.

Vaughan. Miss Dalton will, I have no doubt, supply your place for a few moments.

Mrs. Sowerby. Don't you wish to see him?

Vaughan. Not at this moment. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sowerby. But——

Amy. Go, my dear aunt.

Mrs. Sowerby (calling after VAUGHAN). But Mr. Vaughan— [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MARTIN GOULD. AMY.

Enter MARTIN GOULD.

Gould. My dear young lady (*takes her by both hands*).

Amy. What a pleasant surprise you have given us!

Gould. Is your father at home?

Amy. No; but he will be in half-an-hour.

Gould. It was not he then who left the room with your aunt?

Amy. It was Mr. Vaughan.

Gould. Richard! And he went away without seeing me.

Amy. But you will see him, will you not?

Gould. I will, indeed.

Amy. O, how glad I am you are come!

Gould. You know why I am here?

Amy (hesitatingly). I supposed—

Gould. You supposed—

Amy. That you were here on Mr. Vaughan's account.

Gould. Mr. Vaughan's account? Has anything happened then? Has Mr. Vaughan wanted me.

Amy. Very much.

Gould. Tell me.

Amy. For some weeks past he has been out of spirits and not himself. When first we came here he appeared cheerful and happy, devoted to his profession, and hopeful and contented about everything. Now a complete change has come over him: he is depressed, gloomy, dissatisfied with his prospects, complains of the world, wants to be rich, talks of giving up his practice, avoids you, believes no one cares for him, and, in short, is in a very bad way. Pray don't let him know that I have betrayed him; but I thought it right you should know this. Perhaps you will speak to him?

Gould. It was very kind of you. I *will* speak to him, rest assured. Richard unhappy! you pay me in kind for the news I am obliged to bring.

Amy. What news?

Gould. When will Dalton return?

Amy (quickly). You have bad news for papa! And you have come direct from Liverpool? O Mr. Gould, I see it in your face!

Gould. We will save him!

Amy. Good Heavens! Is he in danger?

Gould. Not while I am by his side.

Amy. Mr. Gould, tell me the whole truth, I implore you!—I have no mother, as you know. My father is all the world to me. I have courage: I can bear anything for his sake.

Gould. It is true. I know your brave, unselfish heart. And your father will need us both, God knows. But you cannot know how it afflicts me to distress you. Forgive me for being the bearer of what I have to tell.

Amy. Whatever it be I shall thank you for it.

Gould. You are ruined.

Amy. My poor father!

Gould. You know what speculation is. He has been unfortunate. For several years past his ventures have failed one after another. You must have seen how anxious he has been. His last hope was in a ship, "The Swallow," due at Liverpool last week, of which we had news only to-day. Through the carelessness of a clerk the vessel was not insured. Your father tried his utmost to repair the omission, but it was too late. Time went on: no news, which we hoped was good news, until to-day; when I bring the tidings—God knows with how heavy a heart—that—

Amy. That—

Gould. That "The Swallow" is a wreck!

Amy. My poor father!

Gould. The first thing to be thought of is how to break it to him gradually. He must not be left alone, especially at first.

Amy. How can I thank you for coming to comfort my father at such a time?

Gould. It was not for him only that I came.

Amy. Thanks for me too! But if it was not for my father, I should need little consolation for being poor.

Gould. That you shall never be! If I could not have had the happiness of assuring you of that, I should not be here to-day.

Amy. My dear, kind friend!

Gould. Amy, I have known you from childhood. You were barely thirteen when I first saw you—you had just lost your mother and were serious beyond your years. I saw you from day to day supplying the place of her whom you had lost: the life of the house, the consolation of your father; yet with a quiet sadness underlying all your gaiety which touched me to the heart. You would not show it for fear of distressing your father; but I saw it, I felt it, and appreciated the noble struggle you were making for his sake. I loved you as the child of my old friend at first; but soon learned to love you for your own. You learned to trust me; to look up to me a little, perhaps; to partly return the affection I felt so deeply for you. It was then I first dreamed—who has not his dream?—but this is not the time to tell you mine. Don't try to guess it. We must first try to save your father in *my* way. We *will* save him, be assured. I pledge you my word—a word never yet broken—to save him, if the sacrifice of my fortune, my labour, my life can effect it.

Amy. I hear his step. Let me speak to him first.

(GOULD *retires back—Enter* DALTON *without seeing him*).

SCENE IV.

AMY. DALTON. MARTIN GOULD.

Dalton. Deuce take your aunt! Dudgeon had been gone a quarter of an hour; and I had my trouble for nothing!

Amy. Papa! (*Runs to him and throws her arms round his neck.*) Look at me!

Dalton. Well, my darling, I'm looking.

Amy. Look me in the face!

Dalton. Well!

Amy. How do you think I look?

Dalton. Much as usual. A little paler, perhaps.

Amy. No; but do I look miserable?

Dalton. On the contrary: you seem too gay, if anything.

Amy. You own then that I do not look unhappy?

Dalton. Why should you?

Amy. My darling father, who was right this morning?

Dalton. This morning?

Amy. You did not believe me when I said I should be happy if I were poor.

Dalton (with a cry). "The Swallow" is lost.

Gould (coming forward). Charles!

Dalton (seizing his hand). Martin—my poor child! *(sinks into a chair.)*

Amy (kneeling at his feet). Papa, you are not going to pity me for having my wish?

Dalton. You are a good daughter. You deserve a more fortunate father.

Amy. I would not change you, dearest. *(Kisses him.* DALTON *covers his face with his hands.)* Come, be brave. You are a man, and must not be more disheartened than a little girl. It is only for my sake you grieve, I know; and what can I suffer while you are with me? It is only one misfortune, and we are two.

Gould. We are *three!*

Dalton (rising). My best friend—

Gould. I give you notice I don't intend to lose sight of you. You won't get rid of me in a hurry. I have come to you by express from Liverpool, and am now going to take you back by the mail. You must show yourself, soothe the impatient, pay the importunate, and arrange matters.

Dalton. How?

Gould. We shall find a way.

Dalton. My dear friend, we must not deceive ourselves. I am a bankrupt.

Gould. Not a bit of it.

Amy. A bankrupt!

Dalton. I have striven—I have worked—I have done my utmost to avoid the crisis! I have born up against blow after blow. To-day I give up. I was on board "The Swallow," and have gone down with her.

Gould. You are worth twenty drowned men yet.

Dalton. All is over!

Gould. Not a bit of it. Trust to me. There has been a wreck: we must look to the salvage first. The train leaves at four; you have five-and-twenty minutes to pack up.

Dalton. I will go at once.

Gould. It is no use to publish our misfortunes. Not a word to any one: not even to Mrs. Sowerby. Find some pretext for your expedition. You know, of all cowards in the world, credit is the greatest.

Amy (aside). A bankrupt!

Gould. You have no time to lose. Hush, here is Mrs. Sowerby.

SCENE V.

GOULD. AMY. DALTON. MRS. SOWERBY, *afterwards* VAUGHAN.

Enter MRS. SOWERBY *cautiously: looks round, puts her finger on her lips, then turns towards the door.*

Mrs. Sowerby (speaking to some one outside). He has gone.

Enter VAUGHAN *(who finds himself face to face with* GOULD).

Gould. Good-day!

Mrs. Sowerby (aside). Taken in the fact!

Amy. Aunt, papa and I are going to Liverpool at once.

Vaughan (aside). I thought so!

Mrs. Sowerby. I wish you would be explicit, Amy; what do you mean by "at once?"

Amy. By the four o'clock train.

Mrs. Sowerby. You have lost your senses!

Gould. I am afraid I am to blame.

Mrs. Sowerby. Are you in the plot, too? Are *you* going to carry *me* off? What does it all mean?

Gould (with an effort). Well, I have been the bearer of some important business news to Dalton, which make it necessary for him to accompany me to Liverpool.

Mrs. Sowerby. Good news, of course? Some bargain, I suppose?

Gould. Oh, of course!

Amy. Come, papa, we have not too much time.

[*Exit* AMY *and* DALTON.

Mrs. Sowerby. "At once. By the four o'clock train." My nerves feel completely upset. I shall have a relapse. It is all your fault, Mr. Gould. I must see that that child doesn't forget everything that she wants.

[*Exit* MRS. SOWERBY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORKMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IN the class of Machinery the number of exhibitors is very much larger, and a far higher standard of excellence has been attained. It would be impossible to mention a twentieth part of the things that deserve mention on their merits, and we can therefore only give space to a mere enumeration of those which most engaged our attention. D. Cowie, a shoemaker, of Boundary-mews, Boundary-road, St. John's-wood, exhibits a machine for making screwed boots. It is simply fed with brass wire, and it cuts the end of the wire into a screw, drives it into the sole to the required depth, and then cuts it off level with the surface of the leather. The operation is extremely ingenious, and the specimens of work exhibited are highly creditable. The machine is said in the Catalogue to be exhibited by W. H. Steel, but we believe he is the maker, while Mr. Cowie is the inventor. Benjamin W. Maughan, of 214, Goswell-road, exhibits his so-called geyser, or patent invention for heating water speedily. It consists of an arrangement of coils of wire heated bygas flames. Water, admitted at the upper part of the apparatus, trickles over the wire and runs out hot below with such speed that a gallon can be raised nearly to the boiling point in a minute. This contrivance will be found in operation, and connected with a bath and lavatory basins under the gallery on the south side of the hall. Mr. Stevens, of Coventry, exhibits a Jacquard riband loom at work, making book-markers and other pretty things, which are on sale at the adjoining counter. This loom has eight tiers of shuttles, and it weaves portraits, landscapes, mottoes, heraldic and other devices, with great finish and correctness. James Milbourne, of Birdcage-walk, Hackney-road, has a series of machines for boot and shoe making, in which the leather is cut out by stamps, compressed between rollers (instead of being hammered), and finally is rivetted together with a great saving of time and labour. The Locomotive Department of the Midland Railway Company sends a very interesting collection of parts of an engine in various stages of manufacture. Not far from the refreshment-counter, and close to the entrance from Barford-street, there is a working model of a circular railway, and a long carriage on bogie platforms. The railway is about 4ft. in diameter, and a portion, or loop, of a different curve projects from the main line on one side, and is connected with it by switches. These switches are opened and shut by systems of levers, which are set in action by bars that can be pushed down at pleasure from the carriage or engine. The exhibitor adjusts the bars, and then gives the carriage a smart push. On its bogies it runs round the line with facility, and it opens for itself whichever road, the inner curve or the outer loop, it has been previously set to act upon. The idea is that the engine-driver might always be his own pointsman; and the model is certainly worth examination. It works well, and is very pretty to look at; but we should fear that in actual travelling the bars and levers would sometimes fail to accomplish all that was required of them. The bogie platforms have also the peculiarity that two of the three pairs of wheels belonging to each are provided with supplementary wheels, placed horizontally beneath them, and running on the web of the rail below the head. These would seem to make it almost impossible for a carriage to go off the line; but they would produce great friction, and would give trouble at fish joints; so that it may be doubted whether they would be of any practical value. On the Mont Cenis Railway there is a somewhat similar contrivance, working on a central rail; but there the conditions are altogether exceptional.

The interests of locomotion are represented in many modes as well as by objects pertaining to railways. Bicycles and tricycles abound, and some of them are of very light construction and are distinguished by various improved arrangements. Of carriages there are only a few, and of these some are mere oddities. There is a little pony trap with a third wheel behind. There is a sort of Hansom cab, opening at the back, and with the driver's seat attached to the door, so that you open door, driver, and all. And, lastly, remarkable only for convenience of arrangement and excellence of finish, there is a Danish tramway omnibus, bearing a general resemblance to those, of American manufacture, which are now running between Bow and Whitechapel, but produced at too high a price for the English market.

Besides actual machinery there are many models of considerable interest. Perhaps the best in the Exhibition is a working model of a vertical steam-engine, by Joseph Bruce, a brass dresser, of Haydon-street, Birmingham. Next to this in beauty and perfection of finish must be placed a model by William Hachett, of Paper-street, Birmingham.

In the fourth, or Decorative Art Class, the most conspicuous objects are the specimens of wood carving, and the painted imitations of various woods and marbles. There is a good deal of wood carving, but the majority of the English examples are wanting in finish and perfection of workmanship. The groups of birds, animals, &c., which are displayed on stands under glass, are often extremely stiff, and the carving of a rather ambitious Gothic pulpit is very deficient in sharpness of edge and cleanness of cut. Messrs. Blews and Sons, of Birmingham, exhibit specimens of ecclesiastical carving that are excellent both in design and workmanship, and some of the best of them have been executed by a woman, Mrs. Dewson, who deserves all the honour that the publicity of the exhibition can confer upon her. There are some very fine specimens of Italian workmanship, chiefly in the way of picture frames, but the subjects are often incongruous and displeasing. The painted imitations of various woods and marbles are of really extraordinary excellence, and would, in many cases, be taken to be what they represent. Some very fine examples from Nottingham will be found in the west gallery, but the best are sent by John Taylor, of 91, Edgware-road, and are displayed under the gallery on the south side, near to the water-heating apparatus already mentioned. Taylor has been much employed at Marlborough House, and he has copied there a slab of onyx marble in a way that might deceive, even after a careful examination. Around his panels are some specimens of wall decoration by one of his workmen, named Pearce, who is deaf and dumb, but who is certainly an artist of considerable merit. Among the more miscellaneous articles in this class may be mentioned Miss Allen's wax models of flax, cotton, and other plants, which are of finished execution and true to nature. Gibson, of Belfast, and Jacques, of Dublin, both exhibit a pretty collection of carved ornaments, in Irish bog oak. Messrs. Salviati have contributed a mosaic picture, in Venetian enamel, "Our Lord on the Judgment Throne," after a cartoon by Mr. Gambier Parry. George Coats and three others, of Scarborough, have sent a collection of jet ornaments, elaborately carved and of great beauty, but at prices ranging from £15 to £30 the set, at which they would find purchasers only among a very limited number of persons.

Closely trenching upon decorative art is furniture, and indeed there are many objects in each class that might have been equally well placed in the other. The furniture calls for no particular remark, except that much of it is very high priced, and does not seem to be of any remarkable excellence. There are a few curiosities, among them an occasional table, the top of which is covered by a pattern made up of several thousand small pieces of leather, and there are some good specimens of amateur furniture-making by workmen ordinarily employed in other trades.

The ornamental metal work is most conspicuously represented by the large case of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, the contents of which differ from those of their shop window in Regent-street, chiefly by the display of labels on which the names of the workmen are stated. The division of labour in this branch of industry is such that several names are attached to almost every article that is shown. Among things less obviously ornamental there will be found a good many brackets, ink-stands, and other small articles of hammered iron, most of which display extraordinary skill and perseverance.

The Birmingham glass, of which there is now a very considerable display, is well worthy of careful examination. In some of the cases articles are shown in different stages of progress; and the specimens range from the most simple to the most elaborate. They are usually remarkable for the great clearness and brilliancy of the metal, often for beauty of form, and sometimes for exquisite engraving. There are some excellent examples of engraved glass, sent by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, and giving evidence of skilful hands as well as of artistic spirit.

Among the remaining classes, which we can hardly mention in any detail, attention should be given to the Sheffield exhibits of cutlery and arms. The case of Messrs. Brookes and Crookes is especially worthy of notice, not only from the excellent quality and workmanship of the articles, but also from the general lowness of the prices attached to them. There is a very fine display of carving tools, of exquisite temper and finish, exhibited by J. B. Addis, also of Sheffield, and a set of razors by W. Nelson, showing ornamental work of great beauty, produced by the grindstone alone. In the small class of saddlery and leather work there are some good exhibits, especially of saddles and portmanteaus.

In this very cursory glance at some of the principal objects, chiefly of the English portion of the Exhibition, we shall at least have afforded evidence that our workmen have responded to the call made upon them, and have manifested a desire to compete fairly with their Continental rivals. In a few departments our countrymen will certainly be surpassed; in most, as far as the Exhibition is a criterion, they will be equal or superior to the foreigner; and in all they are likely to learn useful lessons by a comparison between the quality and price of their own labour and that which is done elsewhere.

On Thursday the Duke of Norfolk laid the foundation stone of a new concert hall in Sheffield. Sir John Brown and the Mayor and Master Cutler took part in the proceedings. The Duke spoke briefly in commendation of the movement for the general cultivation of music in this country.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. MORLEY.—In the course of a week or so.
A.—Yes.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

GAIETY.—Peter Spyk—Dolly—Bluebeard. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Handsome is that Handsome Does. Seven.
STRAND.—Kind to a Fault—The Pilgrim of Love—A Day after the Wedding. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Chiselling—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

AN appeal to the women of France and Germany, by one of themselves, has been published by a French paper. "Antiquity," it says, "shows us Pagan women separating combatants with outstretched arms. We, Christians, shall we do less? Women of all countries, stretch out your hands to us from all sides. Force these people who kill without hating each other to love each other. If we, mothers, wives, betrothed sisters of France and Germany, wish for peace, there will be peace." Unfortunately, it may be presumed that the mothers and wives referred to have been wishing for peace very cordially during the last few weeks, and yet no particular results have ensued. Outstretched hands, be they ever so delicate and beseeching, will have very small success in stopping the onward march of the CROWN PRINCE, or in preventing Marshal M'MAHON from doing his best to annihilate the invading host; and without underrating the influence of feminine distress, it may fairly be concluded that if Frenchmen and Germans will not refrain from getting themselves slaughtered by one another for their own sakes, they are not likely to refrain for the sake of others. A fallacy underlies all appeals of this nature. Modern warfare is not a mere outbreak of wild beast ferocity on the part of the combatants. The soldiers who actually fight are impelled to do so by various considerations of duty, which cannot give way to a sentimental horror of the dreadful consequences to families; and the men who would be most ready to keep out of the battle-field in deference to the anxious fears of their families are those for whom, in the long run, the wives and sisters would probably care least. Then, moreover, so far as the influence of woman is really felt in connection with fighting, it may sometimes promote bloodshed, but has very rarely had much effect in staying hostilities. The lessons of mothers are more than counterbalanced by the stimulating effect on the bellicose passions wrought by women in another capacity. It is too late for sisters and sweethearts to stretch out their arms after mighty forces have been gathered together for a great conflict, when the experience of peace time has been that a visible readiness for war on the part of men is the strongest attraction they can possess in female eyes. When women show that they consider military instincts in men odious and criminal by reason of the misery towards which they may ultimately tend, and the soldier's dress a brutal and degrading costume, then they may inveigh against war with cleaner hands, so to speak, than they can show at present.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's recently published letter on the Franco-Prussian war is worth a moment's consideration by those possessed of good tempers and digestions. Haguenau, he says, meaning Woerth, is the Gettysburg of Europe—"the triumph of a real civilisation over a gilded barbarism; of the future over the past." One can quite understand the worship on the part of a man like our learned exile, of a future which is triumphing over a past. To get at the earliest possible moment on the winning side is one of the first principles of true Radicalism, but it would not occur to many people in this country, even though they might be Prussian sympathisers, to represent the conquest of France by Germany as the subjugation of barbarism by civilisation. If Mr. SMITH, now that he has ceased to be an Englishman, had become a true American, he would at all events have done France the honour to think her civilised, as good Americans, according to an old saying, look forward when they die to going to Paris. But the Oxford Professor is of no country, and is enchained by no traditional affections. The thing that saddens Mr. SMITH in connection with the present war is the attitude of England. It is surprising to read this, because the attitude of England, as exhibited, at all events by the majority of the London newspapers, is one of sympathy with the Power engaged in making war upon the gilded barbarism of France. One would have expected Mr. SMITH to have been pleased on observing what, if he judged by the testimony of the press, would appear to him to be the leaning of "the great Liberal party" towards the side of the invaders in the present war, but this expectation would have been formed on a careless consideration of the case. Mr. SMITH, comfortably established at Ithaca, would like to see England joining in the attack on gilded barbarism. He cannot bear to see England "standing by while Germany fights against the general tyrant for civilisation and the independence of nations." He can apologise for us, it is true. "Germany," he says, "must consider our internal divisions, national government still struggling with but faint success to take the place of government by a class; our dependencies, and our Ireland." Is it not pleasant to have excuses made for us by a kind and considerate friend? Will Germany forgive us in view of what Mr. SMITH says? By the time we get rid of our monarchy, our House of Lords, and our colonies, and witness the successful establishment of a Fenian Government in Ireland, we may be more likely to assist her in any future wars she may wage against "the general tyrant." When we do so, we trust the Professor may be in the face of the battle and meet with—well not exactly a Professor's fate.

Equestrian portraiture, as is fatally apparent to any student of our galleries, is one of the disgraces of British art. But few of our R.A.'s can paint a human figure with the ghastly accessories of broken pillar, crimson curtain, and inkstand, which go to make up the "Portrait of a Gentleman," without inflicting deadly injury on their victim. But the gentleman pensive, in an arm-chair, or erect, defying his greengrocer, is comparatively a harmless, even engaging spectacle compared with the same ill-used man when placed astride a horse. Wonderful and terrible are the aspects of generals, masters of hounds, amazons, and whippers-in, whom injudicious commission-givers have required JONES, R.A., to "mount." It is in sorrow, not in anger, that we cry from the depths of twenty years' experience that not three men in the British Isles can make a man sit down in his saddle, and place his hands where they should be on a horse which shall remotely resemble that injured quadruped. Had JOB lived in these days he would never have desired that his enemy should write a book: an aspiration that he might be painted on horseback dwarfs all meaner methods of revenge. After saying so much we should, by all the rules of criticism, introduce a masterpiece of failure; but we have a pleasanter task. The portrait, a sight of which has served as the text of the foregoing sermon—the work of Mr. A. F. DE PRADES—is, to speak of it first as a memorial, an admirable likeness of both man and beast. It represents the late Sir ROBERT CLIFTON on his favourite old grey, whose "form" was nearly as well known to his friends as that of the popular baronet. In the firm yet easy seat, position of hand and leg, and general *understanding* indicated between horse and rider, the artist has shown the possession of that practical knowledge of horsemanship, without which such works, however skilful, disgust every spectator competent to criticise. The characteristic bearing of the rider is excellently pourtrayed; and not one of the thousands who delighted to honour Sir ROBERT in the market-place, but would at once recognise it as a striking likeness. The horse is well drawn and well placed; neither carved in stone, like the Commendatore's animal, nor imitating the action of the rocking-horse; in variations of which two types most perverters of the animal delight. The painting of the whole work, to which Nottingham Castle forms an appropriate background, is bold yet thorough: Mr. DE PRADES' careful feeling for detail not affecting the breadth and freedom of his handling, which is especially remarkable in the painting of the gallant grey. We are not aware of the destination of this interesting and highly meritorious work: but we cannot imagine that the town for which the late baronet was twice returned, and to the best interests of which he was through life so devoted, will allow so valuable a memorial to escape it.

THE GERMAN RHINE.

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein!"

No, they shall never have it,
Our free, our German Rhine;
Though hoarsely croak above it,
The carrion-crow "'Tis mine!"

While wears our peaceful river
Its ancient sea-green vest,
While plashing oar shall quiver
Upon its tranquil breast.

No, they shall never have it,
Our free, our German Rhine,
While hearts praise Him who gave it
Its spirit-stirring wine.

While in its stream, with power
Its rocks shall hold their place,
While lofty spire and tower
Are mirrored in its face.

No, they shall never have it,
Our free, our German Rhine,
While eyes meet eyes that love it,
And hearts to hearts incline.

While, from its depths unmeasured,
One fish its tides upraise,
While on our harp is treasured,
One song of love and praise.

No, they shall never have it,
Our free, our German Rhine,
Till all those sworn to save it,
Beneath its waves recline!

W. K. C.

The national pastime of Belgium—the great pigeon races from the southern provinces of France—has been abruptly put a stop to by the war. The French authorities have very naturally interdicted the entry of Belgian pigeons into France. When it is borne in mind that there are 10,000 trained pigeons, any one of which could convey intelligence from Paris to the frontier towns of Belgium in which they are located in the space of five or six hours, we cannot be surprised at the French authorities interfering with this pastime. The strategic information conveyed by a single pigeon might loose a battle or an empire. At the same time we sympathise with the Belgians in the derangement of their favourite amusement. In England we have little idea of the fervour with which this sport is pursued by them. *Concours* from the extreme south of France, in which 1,000 or 1,500 pigeons take part, and in which the first prize is a service of plate given by his Majesty the King of the Belgians, are not uncommon, and minor races of from 300 to 400 miles are of every-day occurrence in the season. During the continuance of the war the Belgians contemplate starting these pigeon races from this country.

The Grumbler.

THE other day, passing by the Elephant and Measles—the old coaching inn on the London road, just outside Little Poormansworth—who should I see standing, cigar in mouth, at the door, but that charming "vaurien," young Sinister Base, the adopted son of that agreeable old sinner, Squire Baddington Base, of Hellslaneby. As the youth is generally amusing, and always polite, and having relieved his mouth, for a moment, of the cigar, and very properly saluted me, by raising his hat, I thought I would return the young fellow's civility by a few minutes' chat with him. "Well, Sinister, how is the old gentleman up at Hellslaneby?" Hellslaneby, you must know, is in the parish of Illington, only a few miles from Poormansworth, the greater portion of which belongs to old Base, as well as that of Roguesmoor, the adjoining parish—in which is the best partridge-shooting in our county, and where old Base gave me a couple of days last year, and, I hope, intends to do the same this. "Well, and how is the old gentleman?" I enquired. "Fresh and frisky as a three-year-old, thanks," replied the amiable young scamp. "Well, and what are you doing with yourself? Come to look at the young pointers in the stable-yard here, eh?" "No! I didn't know they'd got any: and if they have, they must be a wretched bad lot. Pups by Traviata, got by Faust. Faust was a fair dog; but, as for the bitch, I wouldn't give a tanner for her. No, the fact is, I've just come from France." "From France, have you?" I enquired this with considerable interest, though, honestly, I was anxious to keep to sporting topics in general, and shooting in particular—desirous of getting the earliest days possible settled for Roguesmoor; knowing, as I do, from experience, how terribly Master Sinister works the stubble with his rapscallion friends from town from the first hour of "*the First*" till the pheasants are ripe. "Been to Paris, I suppose?" "Rather! Passed through it too on my way back. No; the fact is, young Tilbury Fort, nephew of our Lord Lieutenant, a deuced good chap, and who is up to a thing or two, I can tell you"—(and so I should imagine, knowing, as I do, never mind from whom, that he managed to get seven thousand out of the mine that Master Sinister has contrived to raise very lately on post-obits, referring to the Hellslaneby property). "Tilbury asked me to go with him and have a look at those French fellows fighting. So I said 'All right!' and off we started. Tilbury gets our passports looked at, examined, signed, and all that kind of thing, and off we started, last Saturday week, by the thingamy boat from Folkestone, got to Paris all right enough, and had a jolly good dinner at old Verdier's, the Maison-d'Or, and then took a drive in one of their Victoria things to the Bois de Boulogne to have our cup of coffee and *petite verre*, as they call it, all quiet, cool, and snug, at the Café de la Cascade. But no—no such luck! would you believe it? we had hardly got to the end of the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, when a fellow with a musket, bright bayonet, and meaning business, and no mistake, cries out, '*Halte La!*' and the *coachée*, in a terrible funk, turns his horse at once, exclaiming, '*Mille pardons, Messieurs, mais il n'y a pas moyen de passer.*' So back we drove to Paris, and finding the Bois shut up, no theatres worth going to, and everything coquettish ordered out of Paris, I said to Tilbury, 'I say, old fellow, let's be off.' 'Right you are,' says he; 'let's go and have a look at old Bazaine, and see the French manœuvres.' But before we left Paris I thought I should like to go and have a peep at St. Germaine, for I've often heard there's capital pheasant shooting there, and it was the Emperor's favourite shooting-box, and where he kept up such a wonderful pheasant-breeding establishment. Well, on the morrow off we started, Til. and I, Rue Amsterdam, Place du Havre Station—you know it—and right as mails got our tickets, and off we rattled by train to St. Germaine. Well, when we arrived, and had given up our tickets, I thought the precious gens d'armes at the station looked pretty hard at us, and I said to Tilbury, 'I say, Til., what's that beggar in the blue coat and cocked hat staring at?' 'At us,' says Til. 'The deuce he is,' I replied; 'well then, I'll just tell you what it is, if he don't remove his ugly goggle-eyes from their unpleasant and most *im*pertinaceous scrutiny of our sacred persons, I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of informing him that the state of neutrality must be broken on the part of England, and that I shall usurp Lord Lyon's prerogative, and declare war by a punch on his nose.' Would you believe it, the words were scarce out of my mouth than the fellow marches straight up to Til. and myself, and says, says he—'*Vos papiers, Messieurs*—' 'You be——.' I actually hadn't time to finish the sentence before a crowd of fellows in blouses crowded around us, shouting at the top of their voices, *à bas les Prussiens*, and two gens d'armes—two fellows in blue coats and cocked hats—collared us both and marched us straight off to a place called the Mairie. Such a hooting, and bellowing, and yelling, you never heard—Drury Lane on Boxing night is a farce to it—from a crowd of five hundred infuriated and frantic vagabonds." "Well, Sinister, what said the *Maire?*" "It was the Juge de Paix. Well, he looked at our papers, and said: 'Gentlemen, I very much regret the unpleasantness and annoyance you have been put to—not to mention the inconvenience I fear you will have to endure before you reach the best place for you, and the very last place you ought to have left.' 'What do you mean?' said Til. 'Why your own country, gentlemen,' replied the fellow, with all the cheek and coolness imaginable. 'Unfortunately, gentlemen,' said he, 'France is engaged at this moment in a very *troublesome* war. The Emperor Napoleon III., who may the Lord have in His holy keeping, is at this moment in the Northern Provinces fighting for the defence, if not salvation of his country, and although he has for the last twenty years past been always most anxious, nay desirous of manifesting and showing any civility in his power to your great nation and its countrymen, his unfortunate occupation and absence at this crisis precludes the possibility of his showing you that attention I know he would otherwise wish to, and since he has left no orders how we are to receive, what at such a crisis and such a moment I can only designate as an impertinent and unjustifiable inquisitiveness, may I request that you will get out of this town as soon as possible—by the *very* first train that leaves for Paris—and if you will permit me when you arrive there, I would venture to suggest you quit that also as speedily as possible, and to return to the bosom of that brave country of which you are such fine ornaments. Agree with my civilities, and cut it.' There, what do you think of that, Mr. Growler? I won't take up your time by telling you all we had to go through. Til. and I accused of being Prussian spies. No, upon my honour, 'twas too bad; and I never felt so happy in my life as the day I once more set foot on the shore of dear old Folkestone. No; Britons never, never shall be slaves; and of course I mean to write to the *Times* and *Telegraph* about it." "Do you? Well, then, really, Sinister, if you ask my opinion, and, frankly, I never gave it more unwillingly—(I was thinking of the birds at Roguesmoor, and the two days evidently about to be scored for the Ides of March—nay, rather the Greek Kalends)—why really, Sinister, since you ask my opinion, I do think that both your friend's and your own visit to France at such a moment as this most unwarrantable—most unjustifiable; and all I can say is, that I only wonder that either the *Times* or *Telegraph* take the trouble to publish such idiotic letters as those we have lately seen from gentlemen and persons similarly placed as yourself. What right have they, or had you, in France at such a moment, unless you go—which neutrality prevents your doing—with gun in hand to fight for your old allies. But as you cannot, may not, go to aid, what earthly right have you to go from idle curiosity? It would, in truth, justly serve all interlopers right who are not wanted in the country at this moment, that, if caught there, they should be immediately locked up, and when forces are wanted on the ramparts of that beautiful capital, now threatened by the rapid advance of the enemy, their ill-timed curiosity should be rewarded, not by publicity of *Times* or *Telegraph*, but by just appreciation of their pluck and courage, when, with chassepot in hand, they should be afforded the very first view of the enemy; and, if survivors of the first attack, be in a position to write to any papers they chose, and honestly subscribe themselves special correspondents—nay more, eye-witnesses. What day shall I come over to look at the birds at Roguesmoor?" "Oh, the Governor will drop you a line and let you know." "Good day, Sinister!"—(*but he didn't answer.*)

The Man in the Stalls.

WHILE Mr. Albery's freshly-written and ingeniously-constructed three-act comedy of "The Two Roses" maintains a popularity which is in no degree affected by the long and prosperous career it has already enjoyed, a new farce has been added to the programme of the Vaudeville, to enable Mr. David James to make his first appearance as an actor at a theatre with which he has been closely associated as lessee. With the slight materials out of which "Chiselling" has been composed playgoers have been familiar since the days of Mr. Bayle Bernard's farce of "The Mummy" and Mr. Fox Cooper's "Hercules, King of Clubs." A young sculptor can only get the consent of an old gentleman to a marriage with his niece on the condition that a masterpiece of art is exhibited which shall bear the most critical examination. A statue having been accidentally broken, which was originally intended to have been submitted to this test, the sculptor induces his man-servant to represent the marble effigy of Alexander the Great, and the fun of the situation is derived from certain very obvious and well-worn stage contrivances. Mr. David James, who was warmly welcomed on his appearance on these boards, managed to divert his audience by his grotesque assumption of the stony monarch; and to the exertions of this favourite actor, who is worthy of much better parts, the success which the farce has attained must be entirely ascribed. Some coarse allusions in the dialogue might be modified with great advantage, and even in a trifle so full of preposterous absurdities as "Chiselling" it would be as well to avoid the incongruity of an individual who avows his complete ignorance of Shakespeare's plays afterwards quoting largely from them on all occasions. Mr. Lin Rayne, an addition to the company, acted the young sculptor with animation; Miss L. Claire was the agreeable niece; Mr. W. H. Stephens the pur-blind *connoisseur;* and Miss Lavis the stereotyped landlady, belonging to the large family of the omnipresent Mrs. Brown. A morning performance, in aid of the fund now being raised for the sick and wounded soldiers of the French and German armies, has been given. The lessees gave the use of the theatre, the members of the establishment their services, and, after deducting the necessary expenses for advertisements and printing, the sum of £40 was thus added to the fund.

The patrons of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" assembled in great force on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace, for the celebration of their annual festival. The number present was certainly equal to those of previous years, and the vast crowd expended their enthusiasm partly in support of the cause and partly in admiration of the varied amusements provided for them. There was a cricket match at a quarter past 11, played with much vigour in the absence of "Shandy Gaff," and the other traditional beverages of the cricket-ground; and at 12 the band of the palace solaced the tired players with a well selected musical programme. At 1 o'clock there was a meeting of the leaders of the League in the Concert-room, presided over by Mr. S. Bowly, and here the Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen and other speakers delivered impressive addresses in support of the temperance principles. At a quarter past 2 the children of the Band of Hope had their procession round the gardens, and wished to continue it in the interim, but the management objected to the fifes and drums, in fact to any music, except what was provided by their own band, and the procession had to break up into its original elements. At 3 commenced the concert of the 5,000 children, the freshest and sweetest music in the world, and this had the effect of bringing the vast assemblage closer together, and thus enabling the spectator to form an idea of what a crowd of 50,000 sober,

orderly, well-dressed people was like. Outside, black columns streamed along the terraces and up the staircases; inside, they converged towards the transept, and there, on the floor, in the Handel orchestra, and in the surrounding galleries, was still the same vast pleasant sunny sea of happy human faces. The prevision of the League had placed large tubs of water and plenty of cups on the terrace, but the company, when assembled inside, preferred ginger beer and other effervescent drinks, the uncorking of which kept up an incessant fusilade. A leviathan map of the seat of war had been hung up in the theatre and this attracted crowds of admirers. No doubt, if a plain elucidatory lecture had been given, the interest would have been tenfold increased. As questions of commissariat are now so important, and as we hear of armies being detained, and even beaten, in consequence of the breakdown of their food supplies, it may not be amiss to mention that the vast army of the League, which assembled on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace, seemed to have an ample commissariat, and to make requisitions on it from morning until night. A large number brought their own nosebags, and took their fluid refreshment at the tubs and fountains, but the main body evidently relied on Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, the Palace Commissaries, and they were all supplied and perfectly satisfied. The numerous entertainments mentioned in the programme were continued up to a late hour in the evening.

For some time past the London public have been informed, by means of placards carried through the streets and announcements in the advertising columns of the newspapers, that mechanism and invention have at last accomplished a task which has been unsuccessfully attempted by men of science in different countries for many years. We refer to the Talking Machine of Professor Faber, the exhibition of which has commenced at the building known as the Palais Royal, Argyll-street, Oxford-street. The instrument in question, which has been exhibited on the Continent with great success, certainly sustains in every way the qualities its inventor claims for it, as it not only distinctly articulates in English, French, and German, but laughs and hisses in the most approved fashion. The structure of the speaking apparatus and the reality and *bonâ fide* character of the results obtained by its operation are such as to remove the doubts of the most sceptical on the points. The machine consists of bellows, supplied with wind by pedal, worked by a lady, who also manipulates certain notes, through whose agency the sounds are produced which form the attraction of the work. These sounds are emitted by means of a mask, resembling the human mouth, with lips, tongue, and throat complete, and in articulating letters and syllables the movements of these organs of speech correspond to those in the human subject. Without going further into detail, the principle upon which the instrument is constructed will, we should think, be manifest, and great credit is certainly due to the inventor of so delicate and astonishing an instrument. Upon the principle of the apparatus now exhibiting, others, of course, could be constructed, and although the results obtained by the one at present in use are eminently satisfactory, yet tone and force in an increased degree could be obtained from one on a larger scale. We are glad, however, to be able to chronicle the success of the inventor, who has produced another wonder of the age.

The death is reported from Vienna of Gustav von Struve, the well-known popular leader who, during the German Revolution, in connection with Frederick Hecker, Karl Blind, and others, placed himself at the repeated risings whose object was the establishment of a Democratic Commonwealth on the Swiss principle. Originally of an aristocratic family, and holding a position in an embassy at the Diet of Frankfort, Struve sacrificed everything for his ideas. A great many works on public law, as well as a "Universal History," have issued from his pen. During the American war, having become an exile from his Fatherland, he fought, like Hecker, Sigel and Schurz, on the side of the Union, and afterwards returned to Germany, devoting himself to literary pursuits. It is stated that the germ of the disease to which Struve has now succumbed was laid in the fortress of Rastadt, where, together with Karl Blind, he suffered for a long time a harsh imprisonment in the subterranean casemates.

The Turf.

WHILE we write these lines Mr. Topham's re-union is still progressing, and the chief event undecided.

In addition to the splendid lot of yearlings by Maccaroni and Scottish Chief, the property of Mr. Cookson, and the Sheffield Lane youngsters by Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Adventurer, and Caractacus, to be sent to the hammer on Thursday, the 15th inst., at Doncaster, Count Lagrange's horses in training will be offered by Messrs. Tattersall on Monday next, and seldom has such a magnificent stud been brought to public competition. The fact alone convinces us of the uncertainty of affairs in France, for this prince of sportsmen won nearly £28,000 in stakes last year, and nothing, probably, but national disaster would have induced him to dispose of his stud at this unfavourable moment. We derive comfort, however, from the announcement that his brood mares will be reserved, and the celebrated sire, Monarque, still retained at Dangu. Among the horses offered for competition are Trocadero, by Monarque out of Antonia, by Epirus, engaged in the Prix de Chantilly, and in the Grand Prix at Marseilles, one of the best stayers we have ever seen; Mortémer, a high-class horse by Compiegne; Général, the crack two-year-old, by Monarque out of Tolla, with his numerous engagements in the Middle Park Plate, the Prendergast, and Criterion, and also in 1871, at Paris, in the French 2,000 Gs. at Chantilly, in the French Derby, in the Grand Prix at Paris, in the Newmarket 2,000 Gs., Epsom Derby, and Doncaster St. Leger; and Gladiateur, by Monarque out of Miss Gladiateur, and one of the rare winners of the English 2,000, Derby, and Leger, about whom various opinions are ventured as to the price he will ultimately fetch.

Wednesday, the 14th, will witness the annual gathering of turbulent northmen to Doncaster Moors, and though the great Yorkshire stables will be unable to send a competitor capable of lowering the colours of the south-country cracks, the meeting will possess unusual interest, and induces us thus early to make our selection for the Derby of the north. The price at which Kingcraft is now backed, the style in which he continues to do his work, and the sportsmanlike independence of his noble owner, entitle him to every consideration for a race of this character; but notwithstanding the ease with which he won the Derby over a course suited to him, and with the most artistic jockeyship, we have a mournful reminiscence of his 2,000 performance, in which not only Macgregor had the pace of him the instant his head was loose, but the despised Normanby also beat him fairly for second place. We cannot, moreover, rid our minds of the impression that throughout his two-year-old running, from the moment he made his debut at Ascot, when he knocked under to Mahonia, until he finally ran third in the Middle Park Plate to Frivolity and Sunshine—who, in her best form, he never could conquer—he evidenced a want of stamina and gameness, which are invariably associated with a Leger winner. Though we think he may struggle into a place, we do not believe in his absolute success on this occasion. After all the chops and changes in the betting anent the Fyfield lot, Palmerston is second favourite, at 5 to 1, and Alexander has retreated, like Napoleon III., to 33 to 1 offered. We take it, therefore, that the son of Brocket will do battle for the stable; and they can scarcely desire a better candidate to put their money on at 6 to 4 for a place. He, too, will have to succumb to a horse of more quality, better strain, and altogether higher pretensions; and, as he failed to beat Kingcraft at Epsom, he must be behind him and his conqueror on Doncaster Moor. Normanby and Camel may both put in an appearance; but the first will be entrusted with the stable money, and is bound to take a lot of beating over the Leger course, notwithstanding the anathemas of some of our contemporaries, his "cracked heels," his "singularly hollow defeat" in the Yorkshire Stakes, and the long odds of 33 to 1. With Captivator at 10 to 1, and Astolfo at 100 to 1, we come to the conclusion that the son of Caractacus will be relied on, though we cannot satisfy ourselves of the horse's chance, even for a place, in this company. If he should succeed in stretching the neck of Normanby or Kingcraft, he will be the first of the stock of his promising young sire who has shown such ability as a three-year old. Of Sunlight's chance, we can scarcely speak too lightly, for he will probably not see the post; but of Macgregor we have the highest opinion, believing him capable of defeating the favourite, with 7lbs in hand, as he did at Newmarket, with his followers, Normanby, Stanley, King o' Scots, &c. That he was beaten at Epsom, we believe to be owing to the conformation of the horse,—his straight pasterns having prevented his keeping his place at the descent of the hill, and thus entirely frustrated his chance with a competitor like Kingcraft. On the Doncaster Moor, however, he will have the Rowley Mile over again; and, given that he can stay the distance—of which we have reliable evidence—the "rank impostor" of our contemporary will probably wipe out the stigma of his Derby defeat. In the chances of Champion, Bonny Swell, and Tabernacle, we have always had only a remote faith; and they must be written down outsiders to the end. In fine, believing that the contest for place money in the Leger of 1870, will be warmly antagonised by Normanby, Palmerston, and Kingcraft, we expect to see the yellow and black cap of Snowdon in the van, and to hear the lusty lads of Lancashire and Yorkshire shout—as no other men can—Rob Roy MACGREGOR wins!

FORECAST.

HINTS TO THE ANONYMOUS.

c by Adventurer—Miriam ..... *Wandering Jew.*
c by Gladiateur—Battaglia ..... *Turco.*
f by Scottish Chief—Gong ..... *Bagpipes.*
c by Chevalier d'Industrie—Troublesome ... *Detective.*
c by Breadalbane—Fidget ..... *Backscratcher.*
f by Kettledrum—Pompadour ..... *Trianon.*
c by Exchequer—Contadina ..... *Ransom.*
c by Saccharometer—Stolen Moments ..... *Stolen Kisses.*
c by Newminster—Stockings ..... *Cardinal.*
c by Warlock—Patch..... *Cuirass.*
c by Warlock—Moselle ..... *Rhine.*
c by King of Trumps—Alice Hawthorn ... *Trefoil.*
f by Rataplan—Theodora ..... *Jenny Lind.*

The Uhlan, says a "Special," does not seem destitute of many human traits. At some village post-office the other day he was very particular in making requisitions for postage stamps, and wanted them of all procurable colours. The postmaster expressed his amazement. The stamps, he pleaded, were no longer of any use in a province which King William had declared to be annexed to Germany. "They are for my *Kinderalbum*"—for my children's collection—quoth the Uhlan. And again, one of these wandering specimens, being set to mount guard over a telegraph station, got into talk with the telegraph clerk's children, and after a while took the head of a little flaxen-haired girl between his huge brown hands and kissed it, and fell a-crying. Sword and lance, blood and gunpowder, and pillage and desolation, had all faded away from Hans Breitmann, far away into the *Ewigkeit*. He saw only his placid Saxon or Pomeranian home; his old grandmother at her spinning wheel; his father smoking the big porcelain pipe before the fire; the helmet which a Frenchman's sabre cleft in two at Jena hanging over the mantel; the kind pastor looking in at the window to bid them good-day; the bird singing in the cage; the print on the wall of Gretchen pulling her flower to pieces; the palm branch behind the mirror with the box-wood frame; the housemother pouring the savoury mid-day soup into platters; the troop of white-haired children careering about, brandishing abundant *Butterbrods;* and Schnaps, the dog with the shaggy hide and the one eye, leaping up at them, and wagging his tail for joy. The Uhlan looked back into the distant land, and saw Peace smiling and fearing God, doing no harm. When was there peace upon earth? Five thousand years ago? I am sure, to me, it seems so; yet 'tis but six weeks since. It is these Uhlans of Prussia that make the passage of so large an army through such a country possible. They are, in the first place, intelligent men, young, educated, and furnished with excellent maps of the seat of war. Detached in parties of all sizes, in accordance with the nature of their work, well mounted and carefully instructed, they carry out their commission with an admirable mixture of audacity and businesslike sobriety — riding cautiously, keeping a good look-out, and, if they can, always saving the capacity of their horses for a quick ride. Their main weapon is a heavy revolver, which is exactly what suits such a duty. Nobody can use a carbine with effect from the saddle, and these men are directed to avoid all profitless hand-to-hand encounters. Their uniform is blue and yellow, in which they look like mounted copies of the *Edinburgh Review*.

AMATEUR SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.

QUICKLY following on the professional races to Greenwich and Monday's match at Putney, the struggle for the Amateur Championship came off on Saturday afternoon from Putney Aqueduct to Hammersmith Bridge for the title of champion and the possession of a valuable challenge cup. There was not much stir on shore at Putney, where the preliminaries were arranged; in fact, considering the comparative magnitude of the competition, very little interest was shown in it. This is the more remarkable when we consider the vast number of persons who are one way or another interested in swimming. The Thames is an awkward place to reach, and, as the tide has to be suited, many men have occupations that prevent them attending, which they would well be able to do, if the race came off in the Serpentine at an early or late hour, before or after work. The race was carried out under the management of the Metropolitan Swimming Association, a body that has done much to encourage this graceful exercise; and if they would strictly define an amateur there would be nothing to desire further; for the swimming world should never allow amateurs to compete with professionals under any pretence whatever without forfeiting their qualification. There was no steamer to accompany the race, so that spectators took to boats, and rather a large flotilla accompanied the race. Of the 15 entries 11 started at 2.20 p.m.; but in less than 100 yards, there was fully 20 yards between the first and last; and before half a mile was covered, the leader, H. Parker, was 50 yards ahead of the second man, the rear-guard being 750 yards to the bad. H. Parker (Alliance London Swimming Club) was the favourite at the start, and no one else had a chance, as at every stroke he went further in front, and he reached Hammersmith Bridge 52 seconds ahead of the second man. Parker's style of swimming the whole way was on his side, rather high in the water, and his pace of stroke was constant at 34 per minute over the last mile, and 36 at the start. The steering of all the swimmers was very bad, but the fault rested with the accompanying boats, which only left a certain gap open. W. H. Bell (East London), was second, and after a quarter of a mile he never was headed by the others; but at first, G. Cole (North London), and I. Collard (Serpentine), were racing for second place, only, however, to become winded in a quarter of a mile and let Bell pass them. At the point Crinian (National), got level with Cole, and then with Collard, who was a little ahead, and for some distance they raced, but Crinian kept a better course. At the Green Wharf he was a good third, and well away from Collard. A Kew steamer now joined the convoy, and the ladies on board took no small interest in the novel sight. By this time the number of swimmers had been diminished to seven, J. Wilson, a Liverpool man, who was at first much dreaded, as all provincials are, having given up early in the race, and even these few were struggling over a long space of 250 yards. Bell, at the Soap Works, looked close, and Crinian, urged by his friends, spirted, to no purpose, and could not lessen the gap, Collard, in like manner, trying to reach Crinian. He, however, only managed to get ahead of G. Cole, who had come up surprisingly in the last half mile. Parker swam the distance in 26 min. 5 sec., after going quite 100 yards out of his course. Bell was 52 sec. behind him, and 8 sec. ahead of Crinian, who in turn, beat Collard by 12 sec. and Cole by 15 sec.

IN THE BATH.

SOME time ago the question, "Will men ever fly?" was dubiously debated in connection with certain proceedings of the Aeronautical Society. A much more practical question is, Why does not everybody swim? There is considerable doubt as to whether we shall ever be able to rival the fowls of the air; but it is beyond question that we could, with a little teaching and trouble, enter into very fair competition with the fishes of the sea. When every holiday season brings us its usual quota of "lamentable boat accidents," all of which, or most of which, might have been avoided by a knowledge of the art of swimming, we are continually led to ask the question, why does not everybody make a point of being able to swim in the water, as well as to walk on *terra firma?* The idea of attempting to fly before compassing the power of natation ought to be sufficient to qualify a man for a lunatic asylum, because there is some danger of his falling into the water, whereas he runs no risk of tumbling up into the air. Flying may be a luxury, but swimming should be looked upon as a necessary of life. And yet how frequent do we find that even sailors, whose business is "in the great waters," are so ignorant of the A B C of that business as to be unable to keep themselves afloat if they fall into the water!

With landsman—especially those who dwell in cities—it may be urged that a certain amount of expense attends the learning to swim, and also the taking baths for practice; and this fact, added perhaps to a certain amount of *lâches* in the water, prevents them from acquiring this truly needful art. Now, the London Swimming Club have come to the front in the most liberal way; they have offered to remove the pecuniary difficulty, at all events, by throwing open their baths gratis once a week, and providing free instruction for such persons as choose to avail themselves of it until they are able to swim. Some of their most accomplished members have enrolled themselves as honorary instructors; and the club has gone to the expense of issuing public announcements inviting non-swimmers to attend and qualify for their competition with the "little fishes."

The club meets weekly at the City of London Baths, in Golden-lane, Barbican, on Tuesday evenings from six to nine; and visitors can be admitted by previously communicating with the honorary secretary, Mr. J. G. Elliott, at the office, 9, Castle-street, Falcon-square, E.C. Golden-lane is an unwashed-looking locality, which strikes the visitor as being open to considerable improvement if the inhabitants could be induced to take a bath *en masse*. It is close to the Aldersgate-street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and thus in communication with the West-end of London. The selection of the locality is explained by the fact that, as the club is the only body giving gratuitous instruction, and the doing so entails considerable expense, it is necessary to hire a bath where the rent was more reasonable than would be the case further west. Inside the bath everything is quite satisfactory. The water which comes from the New River is limpid as the fount of Egeria herself. The great advantage attending this method is that everybody who comes to the Golden-lane baths on the Tuesday evenings, comes either to teach or be taught swimming, or, in one or two cases perhaps, to disport himself as a member of the club—and such performances are a lesson in themselves. At all events, the bath is exclusively appropriated to the club and its visitors, and all who are there mean business. The energy of the honorary instructors, Messrs. Elliott (the hon. secretary), H. Bedford (the captain), and Moore, are beyond praise. In fact, they work as men generally do who labour "all for love and nothing for reward."

The influx of visitors was large on Tuesday last. Here came in a papa with a leash of two bronzed lads fresh from Margate, who had been attracted during their sea-side sojourn by the club's invitation. The boys are forthwith put in leading-strings, dropped into the water, and carefully towed along by one of the gentlemen above mentioned, who gives him minute directions for keeping afloat, and gradually leaves him to his own devices. "Look there," said the energetic Mr. Moore, criticising a lad of fourteen he had in tow, "there's beautiful action that boy has! He'll swim in three lessons." This is generally the period required for a man who has nerve, and is not in any other way "a duffer," as Mr. Elliott phrased it. Not, of course, that he will be a finished swimmer in three lessons, but he will be "able to swim" in that time if his nerve is worth anything. Nothing is more strange than to witness the helplessness of some men in the water. When Dr. Johnson said a man never looked so helpless as when he had a fiddle in his hand which he couldn't play, he certainly had lost sight of the condition in which a non-swimmer finds himself when up to the neck in the water. He feels as buoyant as a cork, and yet labours under the impression that if the treacherous fluid once succeeded in getting him off his feet, as it seems trying to do, he would go down "like lead in the mighty waters." "Let go that chain, sir," says the teacher, apostrophising a portly gentleman he is leading gently about in a string like a tame porpoise. "You won't tumble down. Lay yourself on the water! Up with your legs! Strike off! There, never mind a mouthful," cries the cheerful voice, as porpoise's head ducks ungracefully below the surface, and he comes up sprawling and spluttering, more dead than alive.

Several visitors, feeling much improved by even one night's instruction, joined the club on the spot. The subscription is only half-a-guinea per annum, and this includes admission every Tuesday evening to the Golden-lane Baths, the entrance to which is 6d.; so that the arrangement, even counting nothing for instruction, is economical. During the winter there is also a practice night at Endell-street Bath, Bloomsbury; in the summer months steps are taken to provide for the comfort of members bathing in the Serpentine and other open pieces of water in London; and bathing trips to the seaside and up the river take place during the season, the practice being rendered safe by the companionship of expert swimmers. During the evening of Tuesday last Mr. Bedford, the captain of the club, swam several times up and down the bath with Mr. Parker, the amateur champion, in a way calculated to make the mouths of non-swimmers water. Altogether, a visit to the London Swimming Club is a very enjoyable thing; and when we consider how easy of attainment a truly useful art is rendered by the exercise, there can be no question, one would fancy, that the liberal invitation of the club is likely to result in a somewhat redundant attendance of visitors.

An exhibition of pictures, exclusively by German artists, is intended to be held shortly at a gallery in Old Bond-street. The proceeds are to be devoted to the benefit of the widows and orphans of soldiers serving with the Prussian armies.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

THE following official account of the fortifications of Paris will be read with interest at the present time.

The works consist of, 1st. A continuous enclosure *(enceinte continuée)*, embracing the two banks of the Seine, bastioned and terraced with 10 mètres (about 33 English feet) of encampment faced with masonry *(escarpe revêtue)*.

2nd. Of outer works with casemates. The latter *(les forts détachés)* are 14 in number. The general plan of the *enceinte continuée* presents 94 angular faces *(fronts)*, each of the medium length of 355 mètres (about 1,450 feet, or more than a quarter of a mile), with a continued fosse or line of wet ditches in front, the bottom lined with masonry, of the medium depth of 6 mètres; thence to the top of the parapets of earth raised over the wall is a height of 14 mètres in all, or about 46 feet. This is for artillery, &c., and behind will be entrenched the defenders. At different points are drawbridges, magazines, &c., and several military roads of communication *(routes stratégiques)*. The distance of this regular zone or belt from the irregular cutting formed by the octroi wall of the capital varies from two-fifths of a mile to nearly two miles. Taking as a point of departure the western point of Bercy, on the right bank of the river, it crosses the road to Charenton, traverses the avenues of St. Maudé and Vincennes, goes to the south end of Charonne, goes behind Père Lachaise to Belleville, then to Romainville, and crossing the Route de Flandre, reaches the Pont de Flandre at La Villette. Thence passing westward, it passes to La Chapelle St. Denis, crosses the great northern road, leaves Montmartre to the left, and traversing various routes, &c., passes by Clignancourt to Batignolles, &c., till it reaches the eastern point of the park at Neuilly, and crossing the road cuts into the upper part of the wood of Boulogne and ends at Auteuil. Resuming the line on the opposite bank, it encloses the suburbs of Grenelle, Vaugirard, cuts the line of the Versailles Railway *(rive gauche)*, leaves Montrouge outside, passes Gentilly, traverses the plain of Ivry, and crosses the line of the Orleans Railway before arriving at its limit opposite Bercy, on the left bank. The *forts détachés* present 61 fronts, and are so many small but complete fortresses, with lodgings for at least 500 men each, and dwellings for the officers. In adopting the line traced above, the first in order is the Fort de Charenton; 2, the Fort de Nogent; 3, the Fort de Rosney; 4, the Fort de Noisy; 5, the Fort de Romainville; 6, the Fort de l'Est, between the latter and Pantin; 7 and 8, Couronne du Nord and Fort de la Briche, one on the hither, the second on the other side of St. Denis; 9, Fort du Mont Valérien, the most imposing of all; 10, Fort de Vanves; 11, Fort d'Issy; 12, Fort de Montrouge; 13, Fort de Bicêtre; and 14, Fort d'Ivry.

The fortifications form a girdle round Paris of 38,000 mètres—nearly 24 miles. With respect to the two wide bays formed by the Seine at each extremity of Paris below the viaduct bridge at Auteuil, and above the Pont Napoleon at Bercy, the *épaulements* of the ramparts are carried on into the shallow water of the river, the channel in the centre of which will be defended by piles. There are 700 or 800 embrasures for cannon in the parapet all round the *enceinte*. Many powerful guns have been placed in position on the detached forts. The stores of food and munitions of war are considerable.

AN ENIGMA.

I'M a solid, a surface, a circle, a square,
A thing in the ocean, a thing in the air.
I'm part of a segment, whose circle so round
Must encompass the earth, "still in Boston is found."
I'm a regular polygon; view me, and then
You'll find I'm an oblong—that's queerer again.
I'm a complement yet, and a supplement, see,
To the usual number; pray how can that be?
I'm never divided, in numbers I'm seen;
I'm the square root of twelve, and the cube of sixteen.
I'm still a right angle, as every one "sees,"
Yet your scale of chords get, and I lack some degrees.
I'm more a diameter, met with in charts,
For I cut a circumference in two equal parts.
I'm all trigonometry none can deny,
And yet I can't survey the earth or the sky.
My course is diagonal; mark off extremes,
And you'll easily find what my area means.
Right-angled triangles, need I tell you,
Are always isosceles; so am I too.
Besides a scalene, I'm obtuse and acute.
So sum up the whole, and to save a dispute,
I'm in every problem that "Simpson" could plan:
Can no mathematician tell what I am?
Add three-fourths of a foot to one-fourth of a mile,
And there the whole mystery has been all the while.

A Yarmouth telegram states that two German vessels have put into Yarmouth Roads for safety, having been hotly pursued by a large French ironclad. The French ship remains outside the Sands on the watch.

Advertisements.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Open for the Season. On MONDAY, Sept. 5, and during the week, the performances will commence with Stirling Coyne's Farce, in one act, WANTED, A THOUSAND MILLINERS, in which Messrs. Vollaire, J. Rouse, J. Murray, Misses Marian Hill, S. Morgan, J. Lovell, and Mrs. Stephens will appear. After which, a new Romantic Drama, in three acts, entitled THE RAPPAREE; or, the Treaty of Limerick. Written by Dion Boucicault. Roderick O'Malley, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Pontis Duquesne, Mr. W. Rignold; General Ginckel, Mr. John Clayton; Colonel O'Hara, Mr. A. Rayner; Ullick M'Murragh, Mr. E. F. Edgar; Mountchesnay, Mr. H. Westland; Sholto Vesey, Mr. A. Lilly; the Doctor, Mr. Sheil Barry; Connor Roe, Mr. John Reynolds; Grace, Miss Katharine Rodgers; Patrice, Miss M. Cooper. The Scenery painted by F. Lloyds, Mr. Hann, and Mr. Maugham. To conclude with Lover's laughable Farce of THE HAPPY MAN, in which Mr. Sheil Barry, Mr. Vollaire, Mr. Marshall, Miss Merton, &c. will appear.—Box-office open daily from ten till five.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—7.0, PETER SPYK, Comic Drama, in one act, by Planché. Miss Tremaine, Miss Maria Harris, Mr. A. Stuart, Mr. Dalton, and

GAIETY.—Mr. MORRIS, the celebrated Anglo-Dutch Comedian from America, his 12th appearance in England.

GAIETY.—7.45, DOLLY, Comic Opera, in one act, by Adolphe Adam.

GAIETY.—Madame FLORENCE LANCIA.

GAIETY.—Mr. CHARLES LYALL.

GAIETY.—Mr. AYNSLEY COOK, Mr. STOYLE.

GAIETY.—8.45 (6th time), OFFENBACH'S

GAIETY.—BLUE BEARD. Three Acts.

GAIETY.—Miss JULIA MATTHEWS, Mr. Beverley, the new Tenor, Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Perrini. Mr. Maclean, Mr. Stoyle, Mr. Aynsley Cook.

GAIETY.—Mr. SANTLEY, OCT. 8.—In preparation, Dibdin's "Quaker," and Donizetti's "Betty." Miss E. Farren will make her reappearance Monday, Sept. 5. Mr. J. L. Toole at Christmas. No fees. Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages 11.—Notice.—Mr. CUMMINGS will REAPPEAR at the conclusion of the Birmingham Musical Festival.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—191st time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

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LITTLE EM'LY.—Mr. W. H. Liston begs to announce that, having arranged for the production of Mr. Tom Taylor's new and original comedy-drama, HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES, THIS EVENING (Saturday), he is compelled to withdraw the great Olympic drama, "Little Em'ly," in the full tide of its success. Due notice will, however, be given of its revival.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES, an entirely new comedy-drama, by Tom Taylor Esq., will be produced this evening (Saturday), Sept. 1, at a quarter to eight, with new and beautiful scenery, dresses, &c., and in which Mr. Compton will appear.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.—Mesdames Mattie Reinhardt, Charlotte Saunders, and Maria B. Jones; Messrs. Vaughan, Elliott, Jordan, Newbound, Robinson, Charles Warner, and G. Belmore, in the new comedy-drama, this evening (Saturday), Sept. 3, at a quarter to eight. OLYMPIC THEATRE.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.—Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. David Fisher, and Mr. Compton in Tom Taylor's new comedy-drama, this evening (Saturday), Sept. 1, at a quarter to eight. Magnificent scenery and effects. Powerful company. OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Swanborough.—Open Every Evening for the Summer Season.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, the comedy by the late W. Brough, KIND TO A FAULT; the celebrated Burlesque, by H. J. Byron, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE; and A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING. Doors open at seven. Secure your seats at the Box-office or at the Libraries.

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VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, CHISELLING. David James (his 7th appearance), Lin Rayne, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Miss Lavis, and Miss L. Claire.

THIS EVENING, at eight o'clock, new and original Comedy in Three Acts, by J. Albery, TWO ROSES. Messrs. T. Thorne, H. Irving, George Honey, Lin Rayne, W. H. Stephens; Mesdames Lavis, A. Newton, and Amy Fawsitt.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, A. Newton, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—On MONDAY, Sept. 5, will be produced the great Olympic drama of LITTLE EM'LY, with all the Olympic scenery, costumes, and effects. The Wreck and the Canterbury Cathedral scenes have been especially enlarged to suit the increased proportions of the stage of this theatre.

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"The Secretary,
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N.B.—The History is the result of the accumulation of many years, and the labour of many months. No fewer than 170 Authorities have been consulted and are cited.

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